

Today, Yesterday, and the Day Before

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Summary: There were dragons when he was a boy. They came in any size and any color. Yesterday he woke up under the sky and saw them soaring through the sky. Today he walked away. Tomorrow, he woke up for the last time to ask himself and the dragon-free sky: "Were they real or were they just in dream of a boy that once was me?"/Oneshot/SPOILER-ish

Today, Yesterday, and the Day Before

\*\*A/N: Eh, this is just a simple thing that I wrote when I got bored. This is a mix of the book and the movie. I was beyond excited when I hear that the ending of the movie trilogy would be the same as the book; the dragons are going to be no more. Don't attack me I'm not a dragon hater! I love sadness, and the third movie will definitely make me cry a river.\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon. I only own the books and the DVD.\*\*

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><p>Today, Yesterday, and the Day Before<p>

Kookiebites13

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><p>His name was Hiccup. He is the last of the Haddocks, once a powerful family in the Viking history and the most respectful one. He is also the last person on Earth to have seen a dragon.<p>

One day when he was a boy, he woke up under the bright blue sky in the middle of the forest with the fresh green grasses as a mattress. He was very young then. He thought the summer wind had woken him, but when he opened his eyes he saw something else; a small pack of dragons.

There were dragons soaring high and free through the clouds.

Oh, how he envy them.

There was nothing little Hiccup had wanted more than a chance to jump from clouds to clouds like the dragons; to feel the rush of the wind above blowing to his face, to explore beyond this so called 'Meridian of Misery', a chance to find a place where he could forget everything bad and just have fun.

Dragons were such majestic creatures; a higher ruler of the skies than birds or any other flying things that exists or haven't existed yet. They are the riders of the wind, masters of the clouds, and definitely a mystery for humans like him. \_But they were the enemy\_, his father told him. \_E-ne-my\_, his father told him to repeat it over and over. And he repeated that word half-heartedly. \_Enemy, enemy, enemy, enemy, enemy...\_

Hiccup stared at the sky with curiosity, not even dared to blink because he was afraid that he'd miss another small dragon pack flying pass by. They're so fast.

"\_If I have a dragon I can beat Snotlout in races!" \_Hiccup said once to his parents. His mother merely laughed and cuddled him, telling him that the dragon would even make Snotlout wet his pants. His father used to smile to this kind of antics, but as he grew older he started to ignore it.

The biggest blow for them was when Valka disappeared. Hiccup would sit on his front yard or by the docks, simply believing that his mother had gone somewhere not far and would be back soon with treats.

A couple of years pass by, and Hiccup stopped waiting on his front yard and the docks. He never stopped believing though. He'd wait forever for his mother.

Just like how he was willing to pay the price of patience for the chance to fly.

\_You can't ride dragons, Hiccup. I told you, they're our enemies.\_

\_Enemy, enemy, enemy, enemy... \_he mumbled subconsciously, letting out a sad sigh after that.

\_...Not enemy.\_

A few years later he woke up under the same bright blue sky, and he had thought once more that it was the wind that had woken him.

True. But this was no ordinary wind. This one is colder, but freer in every ways than any other winds. There's nothing else that could make you feel this special wind except for the dragons.

Even at first Stoick didn't approve of this change, but seeing his son and his best friend adventuring up there and hearing the echoes of his joyful laugh was the best thing that ever happened to him. The moment he approved was when he finally realized that his son belongs

to the skies.

Everyone else had been wrong about dragons. They're not the enemy; they were simply enslaved by someone bigger than them just like how the other kids used to laugh at him.

There was a reason why the universe chose him to be the 'Dragon Trainer'. The dragons need a spokesman, and this spokesman must be someone who understands the injustice the dragons had gone through.

This spokesman has to dream bigger than anyone else.

\_...Not enemy.\_

"\_Where do you want to go next," \_his best friend asked, excited, and Hiccup gave him a challenging smile.

\_I don't care. Bring it on, Toothless.\_

You can go anywhere you want, you can stay wherever you want, but you may never stay whenever you want. There's one journey, called life, that everything had been contracted to do. The most inevitable task in this journey is facing the future whether you like it or not.

That's his weakness. He enjoyed the times in the sky too much that he forgot about the contract.

Even each dragon had that contract too.

One of the life contract deals is \_death\_.

It is feared because no one can prepare to face for it. Everyone had wanted to stay in one time. No one has ever succeeded. Time works for no one but the gods, and it will never be allowed to stop nor slow down.

There'll be the moment where time will take Stoick away, to take Berk away, to take Toothless away. No one will be prepared for it. Not even the smart Hiccup.

A few decades later, today, he woke up under the same blue sky and on the same fresh green grasses, but what made today different from yesterday and the day before is the empty sky. He looked up to the same blue sky he had woken up seeing as a young boy, and he waited. He waited and waited. He looked up to the sky were this time there are no dragons; not there or anywhere else in the world and not now or anytime else in the future...

...except in the mind of a curious young boy who is very different than what's left of him now " the boy who died a long time ago with the dragons, the chosen boy with big dreams. His joyful laugh is still echoing between the clouds and the wind, a haunting memory that wished to be relived again. One memory he tried to lock in his crumpled heart over and over again but managed to escape between his thoughts of the time he loves so much; the time of dragons.

\_No, \_he told the ghost of his younger self. \_That era is over.\_

But the ghost hardly noticed the sad fact. Hiccup can hear the ghost calling out for the friend he had lost. The innocent ghost would ask him if he knows where Toothless is, but no matter how strong the older Hiccup tried to be he never got the guts to tell the boy of the sad fact of the future.

He never dared to hurt himself this young.

\_He's probably just sneaking around the island. I'm sure he'll be back soon\_. He smiled, and the ghost gave him a twin smile.

Hiccup got up from the grass. He can't stay anymore, it's too painful, and he knows that the ghost can't leave to follow him. Let the past be the past, let those laughter stay in the past.

Let the dragons stay in their time.

\_Where are you going?\_ the ghost asked, worried that he'd be left alone. He can't find Toothless anywhere. The only friend he got now is himself. Where might he want to go?

\_Just the future.\_

\_But then you won't be able to go back...\_

The older Hiccup looked up at the sky once more, the ghostly laughter ringing softly between the breezes. \_Let's not rub salt in the wound, shall we?\_ He gave the sky a sad smile as a parting gift, letting himself remember the memories one more time, before he finally walked away.

\_Wait! Don't leave me!\_

Hiccup didn't turn around. He already made it this far, he shouldn't ruin it. Even if he did turn around the ghost wouldn't be there anymore. He can't see him again. He must keep walking.

And he did.

Now he doesn't wait for those dreams to come true again. Now he waits for time to take him away.

When he woke up for the last time tomorrow, all wrinkled and old, when the past is so far away that he can no longer see it, he asked himself and the dragon-free sky: "Were they real or were they just in dream of a boy that once was me?"

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><p><strong>So â€| RnR? Thanks for reading!<strong>

\*\*~Kookie\*\*

End  
file.